

THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

"No; you didn't say too much," was the low-toned reply. And then: "Billy, a few months ago I was jerked out of my place in life and set down in another place where practically everything I had learned as a boy and man had to be forgotten. I don't know that I'm making it understandable to you, but—"

"Yes, you are," broke in the man at the wheel. "I've had to turn two or three little double somersaults myself in the years that are gone."

"They used to call me 'Monty-Boy,' back there in Lawrenceville, and I fitted the name," Smith went on. "I've just had to do the best I could out here. I found that I had a body that could stand man-sized hardship, and a kind of savage nerve that could give



"They used to call me 'Monty-Boy,' and take punishment, and a soul that could drive both body and nerve to the limit. Also, I've found out what it means to love a woman."

Starbuck checked the car's speed a little more to keep it well in the rear of the ambling cavalcade.

"That's your one best bet, John," he said soberly.

"It is. I've cleaned out another room since you called me down back yonder in the Little Creek road, Starbuck. I can't trust my own leadings any more; they are altogether too primitive and brutal; so I'm going to take hers. She'd send me into this fight that is just ahead of us, and all the other fights that are coming, with a heart big enough to take in the whole world. She said I'd understand, some day; that I'd know that the only great man is one who is too big to be little; who can fight without hating; who can die to make good, if that is the only way that offers."

"That's Corry Baldwin, every day in the week, John. They don't make 'em any finer than she is," was Starbuck's comment. And then: "I'm beginning to kick myself for not letting you go and have one more round-up with her. She's doing you good, right along."

"You didn't stop me," Smith affirmed; "you merely gave me a chance to stop myself. It's all over now, Billy, and my little race is about run. But whatever happens to me, either this night, or beyond it, I shall be a free man. You can't put handcuffs on a man and send it to prison, you know. That is what Corona was trying to make me understand; and I couldn't—or wouldn't."

Over a low hill just ahead the pole-bracketed lights at the dam were staring themselves against the sky, and the group of horsemen halted at the head of the railroad trestle which marked the location of the north side unloading station. Harding had sent two of his men forward and they reported that there were no guards on the north bank, and that the stagings, on the down-stream face of the dam, were also unguarded. Thereupon Harding made his dispositions. Half of the posse was to go up the northern bank, dismounted, and rush the camp by way of the stagings. The remaining half, also on foot, was to cross at once on the railroad trestle, and to make its approach by way of the wagon road skirting the mesa foot. At an agreed-upon signal, the two detachments were to close in upon the company buildings in the construction camp, trusting to the surprise and the attack from opposite directions to overcome any disparity in numbers.

At Smith's urgings, Starbuck went with the party, which crossed by way of the railroad trestle, Smith himself accompanying the sheriff's detachment. With the horses left behind under guard at the trestle head, the up-river approach was made by both parties simultaneously, though in the darkness, and with the breadth of the river intervening, neither could see the movements of the other. Smith kept his place beside Harding, and to the sheriff's query he answered that he was unarmed.

"You've got a nerve," was all the comment Harding made, and at that they topped the slight elevation and came among the stone debris in the north-side quarries.

From the quarry cutting the view struck out by the camp mastheads was unobstructed. The dam and the uncompleted power house, still figuring to the eye as skeleton masses of form timbering, lay just below them, and on the higher side the flooding torrent thundered through the spillway gates, which had been opened to their fullest capacity. Between the quarry and the northern dam-head ran the smooth concreted channel of the main ditch canal, with the water in the reservoir luke still lapping several feet below the level of its entrance to give assurance that, until the spillways should be closed, the charter-saving stream would never pour through the canal.

On the opposite side of the river the dam-head and the camp street were deserted, but there were lights in the commissary, in the office shack, and in Blue Pete Simms' canteen dogery. From the latter quarter sounds of revelry rose above the spillway thunderings, and now and again a drunken figure lurched through the open door to make its way uncertainly toward the rank of bunk houses.

Harding was staring into the farther nimbus of the electric rays, trying to pick up some sign of the other half of his posse, when Smith made a suggestion.

"Both of your parties will have the workmen's bunk houses in range, Mr. Harding, and we mustn't forget that Colonel Baldwin and Williams are prisoners in the timekeeper's shack. If the guns have to be used—"

"There won't be any wild shooting, of the kind you're thinking of," returned the sheriff grimly. "There ain't a single man in this posse that can't hit what he aims at, nine times out of ten. But here's hopin' we can gather 'em in without the guns. If they ain't lookin' for us—"

The interruption was the whining song of a jacketed bullet passing overhead, followed by the crack of a rifle. "Down, boys!" said the sheriff softly, setting the example by sliding into the ready-made trench afforded by the dry ditch of the outlet canal; and as he said it a sharp fusillade broke out, with fire spurtings from the commissary building and others from the mesa beyond to show that the surprise was balked in both directions.

"They must have had scouts out," was Smith's word to the sheriff, who was cautiously reconnoitering the newly developed situation from the shelter of the canal trench. "They are evidently ready for us, and that knocks your plan in the head. Your men can't cross these stagings under fire."

"Your 'wops' are all right, anyway," said Harding. "They're pouring out of the bunk houses and that saloon over there and taking to the hills like a flock o' scared chickens." Then to his men: "Scatter out, boys, and get the range on that commissary shed. That's where most of the rustlers are cached."

Two days earlier, two hours earlier, perhaps, Smith would have begged a weapon and flung himself into the fray with blood lust blinding him to everything save the battle demands of the moment. But now the final milestone in the long road of his metamorphosis had been passed and the darkness valley of elemental passions was left behind.

"Hold up a minute, for God's sake!" he pleaded hastily. "We've got to give them a show, Harding! The chances are that every man in that commissary believes that McGraw has the law on his side—and we are not sure that he hasn't. Anyway, they don't know that they are trying to stand off a sheriff's posse!"

Harding's chuckle was sardonic. "You mean that we'd ought to go over yonder and read the riot act to 'em first? That might do back in the country where you came from. But the man that can get into that camp over there with the serving papers now'd have to be armor-plated, I reckon."

"Just the same, we've got to give them their chance!" Smith insisted doggedly. "We can't stand for any unnecessary bloodshed—I won't stand for it!"

Harding shrugged his heavy shoulders. "One round into that sheet-iron commissary shack'll bring 'em to time—and nothing else will. I ain't got any men to throw away on the dew-dabs and furbelows."

Smith sprang up and held out his hand.

"You have at least one man that you can spare, Mr. Harding," he snapped. "Give me those papers. I'll go over and serve 'em."

At this the big sheriff promptly lost his temper.

"You blamed fool!" he burst out. "You'd be dog-meat before you could get ten feet away from this ditch!"

"Never mind; give me those papers. I'm not going to stand by quietly and see a lot of men shot down on the chance of a misunderstanding!"

"Take 'em, then!" rasped Harding, meaning nothing more than the calling of a foolish theorist's bluff.

Smith caught at the warrants, and

before anybody could stop him he was down upon the stagings, swinging himself from bent to bent through a storm of bullets coming, not from the commissary, but from the saloon shack on the opposite bank—a whistling shower of lead that made every man in the sheriff's party duck to cover.

How the volunteer process-server ever lived to get across the bridge of death no man might know. Thrice in the half-minute dash he was hit; yet there was life enough left to carry him stumbling across the last of the stagings bents; to send him reeling up the runway at the end and across the working yard to the door of the commissary, waving the folded papers like an inadequate flag of truce as he fell on the doorstep.

After that, all things were curiously hazy and undefined for him. There was the tumult of a fierce battle being waged over him; a deafening rifle fire and the spat-spate of bullets puncturing the sheet-iron walls of the commissary. In the midst of it he lost his hold upon the realities, and when he got it again the warlike clamor was stilled and Starbuck was kneeling beside him, trying, apparently, to deprive him of his clothes with the reckless slashings of a knife.

Protesting feebly and trying to rise, he saw the working yard filled with armed men and the returning throng of laborers; saw Colonel Baldwin and Williams talking excitedly to the sheriff; then he caught the eye of the engineer and beckoned eagerly with his one available hand.

"Hold still, until I can find out how dead you are!" cried the rough-and-ready surgeon who was playing the clothes-ripping knife. But when Williams came and bent down to listen, Smith found a voice, shrill and strident and so little like his own that he scarcely recognized it.

"Call 'em out—call the men out and start the gate machinery!" he panted in the queer, whistling voice which was, and was not, his own. "Possession is nine points of the law—that's what Judge Warner said!—the spallways, Bartley—shut 'em quick!"

"The men are on the job and the machinery is starting right now," said Williams gently. "Don't you hear it?" And then to Starbuck: "For Heaven's sake, do something for him, Billy—anything to keep him with us until a doctor can get here!"

Smith felt himself smiling foolishly. "I don't need any doctor, Bartley; what I need is a new ego; then I'd stand some sha—some chance of finding—" he looked up appealingly at Starbuck—"what is it that I'd stand some chance of finding, Billy? I—I can't seem to remember."

Williams turned his face away and Starbuck tightened his benumbing grip upon the severed artery in the bared arm from which he had cut the sleeve. Smith seemed to be going off again, but he suddenly opened his eyes and pointed frantically with a finger of the one serviceable hand. "Catch him! Catch him!" he shrieked. He's going to dynamite the dam!"

Clinging to consciousness with a grip that not even the blood loss could break, Smith saw Williams spring to his feet and give the alarm; saw three or four of the sheriff's men drop their weapons and hurl themselves upon another man who was trying to make his way unnoticed to the



"Catch Him! Catch Him!"

Stagings with a box of dynamite on his shoulder. Then he felt the foolish smile coming again when he looked up at Starbuck.

"Tell the little girl—tell her—you know what to tell her, Billy; about what I tried to do. Harding said I'd get killed, but I remembered what she said, and I didn't care. Tell her I said that that one minute was worth living for—worth all it cost."

The raucous blast of a freak auto horn ripped into the growling murmur of the gate machinery, and a dust-covered car pulled up in front of the commissary. Out of it sprang first the doctor with his instrument bag, and, closely following him, two plain-

clothes men and a Brewster police captain in uniform. Smith looked up and understood.

"They're just—a little—too late, Billy, don't you think?" he quavered weakly. "I guess—I guess I've fooled them, after all." And therewith he closed his eyes wearily upon all his troubles and triumphings.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In Sunrise Gulch. William Starbuck drew the surgeon aside after the first aid had been rendered, and Smith, still unconscious, had been carried from the makeshift operating table in the commissary to Williams' cot in the office shack.

"How about it, Doc?" asked the nine owner bluntly.

The surgeon shook his head doubtfully.

"I can't say. He'll be rather lucky if he doesn't make it, won't he?" Starbuck remembered that the doctor had come out in the auto with the police captain and the two plainclothes men.

"Hackerman has been talking?" he queried.

The surgeon nodded. "He told me on the way out. If I were in Smith's place, I'd rather pass out with a bullet in my lung. Wouldn't you?"

Starbuck was frowning sourly. "Suppose you make it a case of suspended judgment, Doc," he suggested. "The few of us here who know anything about it are giving John the benefit of the doubt. They'll have to show me, and half a dozen of us, before they can send him over the road."

"He knew they were after him?"

"Sure thing; and he had all the chance he needed to make his getaway. He was shot while he was trying to get between and stop the war and keep others from getting killed."

"It's a pity," said the surgeon, glancing across at the police captain to whom Colonel Baldwin was appealing. "They'll put him in the hospital cell at the jail, and that will cost him whatever slender chance he might otherwise have to pull through."

Starbuck looked up quickly. "Tell 'em he can't be moved, Doc Dan," he urged suddenly. And then: "You're Dick Maxwell's family physician, and Colonel Dexter's, and mine. Surely you can do that much for us?"

"I can, and I will," said the surgeon promptly.

Three days after the wholesale arrest at the dam, Brewster gossip had fairly outworn itself telling and retelling the story of how the High Line charter had been saved; of how Crawford Stanton's bold ruse of hiring an ex-train-robbler to impersonate a federal-court officer had fallen through leaving Stanton and his confederates, ruthlessly abandoned by the unnamed principals, languishing balliffs in jail; of how Smith, the hero of all these occasions, was still lying at the point of death in the office shack at the construction camp, and David Kinzie, once more in keen pursuit of the loaves and fishes, was combing the market for odd shares of the stock, which was now climbing swiftly out of reach. But at this climax of exhaustion—or satiety—came a distinctly new set of thrills, more titillating, if possible, than all the others combined.

It was on the morning of the third day that the Herald announced the return of Mr. Josiah Richlander from the Topaz; and in the marriage notices of the same issue the breakfastable readers of the newspapers learned that the multimillionaire's daughter had been privately married the previous evening to Mr. Tucker Jibbey. Two mining speculators were chuckling over the news in the Hoprah House grill when a third man came in to join them.

"What's the joke?" queried the newcomer; and when he was shown the marriage item, he nodded gravely. "That's all right; but the Herald man didn't get the full flavor of it. It was a sort of runaway match, it seems; the fond parent wasn't invited or consulted."

"I don't see that the fond parent has any kick coming," said the one who had sold Jibbey a promising prospect hole on Topaz mountain two days earlier. "The young fellow's got all kinds of money."

"I know," the land broker put in. "But they're whispering it around that Mr. Richlander had other plans for his daughter. They also say that Jibbey wouldn't stay to face the music; that he left on the midnight train last night a few hours after the wedding, so as not to be among those present when the old man should blow in."

"What?"—in a chorus of two—"left his wife?"

"That's what they say. But that's only one of the new and startling things that isn't in the morning papers. Have you heard about Smith—or haven't you been up long enough yet?"

"I heard yesterday that he was beginning to mend," replied the breakfaster on the left.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POULTRY FACTS.

SELECTING HENS FOR LAYING

Idea That If Fowls Are Compelled to Molt Early They Will Lay in Fall Is Wrong.

Laying hens should be allowed to molt naturally. The common idea that if hens are compelled to molt early they will quickly feather out and commence laying early in the fall is erroneous. An early molt is not a sign of early fall production. Usually the late molting hen is the heavier producer. In fact a lack of feather growth is suggested by G. W. Hervey of the University of Missouri college of agriculture as one of the points to consider when selecting hens for winter laying. Very often show birds are forced into a summer molt by a restriction of feed. This is done so that the birds may be in full feather once more for the early show season. This should never be practiced with utility stock. It will cause production to stop and weaken the hens at a time of the year when full strength is needed. It is unwise to change the general character of the feed. The addition of some oil carrying ingredient, however, such as sunflower seed, will aid in the development of new feathers.

CHICKENS FOR WINTER EGGS

Careful Selection of Fowls and Getting Them Into Good Condition, Is Best Practice.

Careful selection of the fowls that are apt to be kept for winter egg producing, and getting them into condition to produce a maximum yield of eggs, will more than repay one for the time and trouble taken. Not only is it advantageous from many points of view, but it is necessary if one expects a satisfactory yield of winter eggs. The principal reason for making early selections is to get uniform fowls of the right age at the right time, but it is also necessary that they be properly fed and cared for so that they be properly brought to the laying point at the earliest possible date.

PLAN FOR CHICKEN FEEDING

Slotted Trough Prevents Fowls From Hopping in and Wading Around in Clean Ration.

Here is a slotted chicken trough that will be of value in the poultry yard. It is made of light material, is



Slotted Chicken Trough.

easily moved and can be cleaned and scalded with comparative ease. The trough is made seven inches wide, the slot is three inches higher than the bottom of the trough. The partial "roof" over the trough will aid in keeping out rain, dust and trash. It also prevents the birds from hopping into the trough and wading into the ration. The trough should not be made longer than four or five feet.

SODIUM FLUORID FOR FOWLS

Applied to All Parts of Body Powder Is Sure Death to Lice—Can Be Made Into Solution.

Sodium fluorid powder is death on poultry lice. It can be dusted into the feathers so it will reach the skin. It should be applied to all parts of the body. It can be made into a solution one ounce per gallon of water and stir well. Dip the poultry into it. The dipping method kills the lice quicker, better and more cheaply. The sodium fluorid has no bad effects on the skin, but is a little irritating to the air passages. It is, however, very destructive to the lice.

MILK OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

Will Be Found of Much Help in Feeding Young and Old Fowls—Stinting Don't Pay.

Milk will be of great help in feeding both old and young and will return more from the poultry than if fed to the pigs. Feed generously at all times. The present high prices of feed are alarming, but if one can't afford to feed well at all times he had better sell at once to some one who can. Stinting the feed merely gives us a lot of nonproductive boarders, with never anything on the profit side of the account.

FALL PULLETS ARE FAVORED

Fowls Begin to Lay in Spring When Eggs Are Scarce—Insects and Diseases Avoided.

Pullets hatched early in the fall should lay the following spring. This is a time when layers will be needed. Furthermore, after winter begins insects and disease are not likely to give trouble like in mid-summer when spring-hatched chicks are susceptible.

Keep Yourself Fit

You can't afford to be laid up with sore, aching kidneys in these days of high prices. Some occupations bring kidney troubles; almost any work makes weak kidneys worse. If you feel tired all the time, and suffer with lame back, sharp pains, dizzy spells, headaches and disordered kidney action, use Doan's Kidney Pills. It may save an attack of rheumatism, dropsy, or Bright's disease. Doan's have helped thousands back to health.

An Illinois Case

R. J. Henderson, Alton, Ill., says: "Hard work and heavy lifting weakened my kidneys. My back was in bad shape and I couldn't walk without sharp pains shooting through me. I was sore and stiff and felt tired and languid. The kidney secretions passed too often and were scanty and some nights I had to get up a dozen times. Nothing gave me any relief until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They soon had me feeling much better and continued use benefited me in every way."

Get Doan's at Any Store, or a Box of Doan's Kidney Pills. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Outfly the Birds.

Marvelous was the flight of an Italian aviator from Turin to London, 650 miles, without a stop. No bird known to the ornithologists could have made such a flight in seven hours and twelve minutes. Italy is in the van when it comes to airplanes.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampooing with "La Creole" Hair Dressing, and darken, in the natural way, those ugly, grizzly hairs. Price, \$1.00.—Adv.

NEED SOUND MIND AND BODY

Depleted Man or Woman is Always Depressing and Does Not See Bright Side of Life.

To keep fresh involves determination and will. It is so easy to go on laboring, both at work and pleasure, until we are depleted in mind and in body.

Then we are sources of danger, not only to ourselves, but to our whole surroundings, for a depleted man or woman is always depressing. They have not enough vitality to see things brightly, to look at events in a sound commonsense manner. Their opinion and views are biased by their own mentally and physically devitalized condition, and they take the dark-colored, pessimistic view of things and events, in this way acting as poisoners of the happiness of their loved ones and others.

It takes a sound mind in a sound body to see things always rose-colored, and to take the cheery, optimistic view of things which so helps those with whom we are associated.

To keep a whole body means that we must never lower its vitality unless unavoidable, by incessant work, by so-called pleasures which really rob the body of much necessary power needed in other directions, but that in calculating our day's or week's work, we include sufficient rest to restore the energy we have expended.

It is a duty we owe to ourselves and others to take this rest in whichever form each individual finds possible or pleasant.

To some a week's end in the country will give tone and health, to others a quiet rest at home, but everyone should allow sufficient rest every day in the silence away from other society, in which to relax and be perfectly quiet. This will help keep the balance of body and soul and its continued practice means a continual refreshment.—ary Yeates.

Inconsistent Teachers.

"And how do you find school, Howard?"

"Rather difficult, sir. The teacher's inconsistent. In English composition we are told to be original. In arithmetic we are all expected to get the same answer."

Husbands occasionally stay at home and earn money to pay bills of wives who go on vacations.



Boys & Girls THRIVE

on the easily digested wheat and barley food

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"